Of Rosalend (who knowes not Rosalend?)
That Colin made, ylke can I you rehearse.

Perigot.

Now say it *Cuddie*, as thou art a ladde:
With mery thing its good to medle sadde.

Willy.

Fayth of my soule, thou shalt ycrouned be
In *Colins* stede, if thou this song areede:
For neuer thing on earth so pleaseth me,
As him to heare, or matter of his deede,

Cuddie.

Then listneth ech vnto my heauy laye,
And tune your pypes as ruthful, as ye may.

YE wastefull woodes beare witnesse of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound:
Ye careless byrds are priuie to my crye,
Which in your songs were wont to make apart:
Thou pleasaunt spring hast lulled me oft a sleepe,
Whose streames my tricklinge teares did oft
Resort of people doth my greefs augment, (augment.
The walled townes do worke my greater woe:
The forest wide is fitter to resound
The hollow Echo of my carefull crye,
I hate the house, since thence my loue did part,
Whose waylefull want debarres myne eyes from sleepe
Let stremes of teares supply the place of sleepe:
Let all that sweete is, voyd: and all that may augment
My doole, drawe neare. More meete to wayle my woe,
Bene the wild woddes my sorrowes to resound,
Then bedde, or bowre, both which I fill with crye,
When I them see so waist, and fynd no part
Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
In gastfull groue therefore, till my last sleepe
Doe close mine eyes: so shall I not augment
With sight of such a chaunge my restlesse woe:
Helpe me, ye banefull byrds, whose shrieking sound
Ys signe of dreery death, my deadly crye

Most

Most ruthfully to tune. And as my crye
(Which of my woe cannot bewray leaste part)
You beare all night, when nature craueth sleepe,
Increase, so let your yrksome yells augment.
Thus all the night in plaints, the daye in woe
I vowed haue to wayst, till safe and sound
She home returne, whose voyces siluer sound
To cheerefull songs can chaunge my chereless crye.
Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,
That blessed byrd, that spends her time of sleepe
In songs and plaintiue pleas, the more taugment
The memory of hys misdeede, that bred her woe:
And you that feele no woe, | when as the sound
Of these my nightly crye | ye heare apart,
Let breake your sounder sleepe | and pitie augment.

Perigot.

O *Colin, Colin*, the shepheards ioye,
How I admire ech turning of thy verse:
And *Cuddie*, fresh *Cuddie* the liefest boye,
How dolefully his doole thou didst rehearse.

Cuddie.

Then blowe your pypes shepheards, til you be at home:
The night nigheth fast, yts time to be gone.

Perigot his Embleme.

Vincenti gloria victi.

Willyes Embleme.

Vinto non vitto.

Cuddies Embleme.

Felice chi puo.

GLOSSE

Bestadde) disposed, ordered.
Rafte) bereft, depriued.
Peregall) equall.
Misyvent) gon a straye.
VVhilome) once.
Ill may) according to